

SIX MONTHS MORE AMONG THE GARENGANZE:

Letters from September, 1886, to March, 1887,

OF

FRED. ^{STANLEY} STANLEY ARNOT. 1858-19

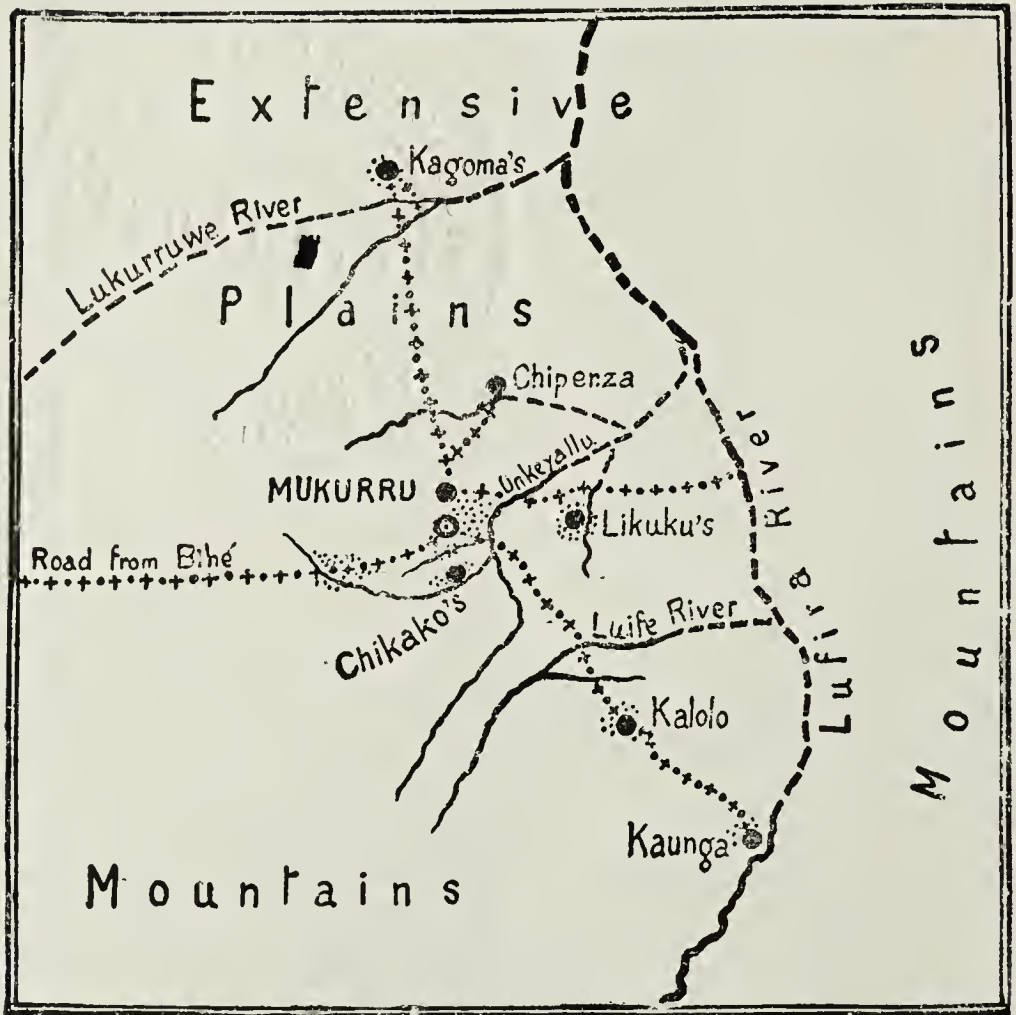


VIEW IN CENTRAL AFRICA FROM MR. ARNOT'S COTTAGE.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

DISTRICT AROUND THE GARENGANZE CAPITAL.



EDITORS' NOTE.

Through the kindness of Mr. F. S. ARNOT's family we are able to give several letters written to them, omitting his loving greetings; some other letters are added, and one or two remain for insertion in *Echoes of Service*. Though our brother's ministry is very limited in Central Africa, his words will help not a few who read these pages.

The map of the district around the capital of the Garenganze is again given above, as some of the places in it are referred to in this pamphlet. Mr. Arnot's rough sketch of the view from his cottage looking north is reproduced on the title page. His description is as follows:—"The houses on top of hill are the king's magazine and ivory store-houses. His chief town, Ungulu, lies on the other side of the two hills, and only a small part of it is seen from my house. The scenery on all other sides of me is grand, hills rolling into mountains, and in front is the vast plain, which extends round to the left, and meets abruptly a range of hills."

Nov. 2nd, 1887.

HENRY GROVES, Kendal. } EDITORS,
J. L. MACLEAN, M.D., Bath. } *Echoes of Service*.

Six Months More
Among the Garenganze:
LETTERS OF F. S. ARNOT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Garenganze, Central Africa, about Sept. 27th, 1886.—Ocinyama left some time ago with letters, and afterwards I sent you a few lines by a mulatto, Augusto, telling you I had been ill; indeed, when I wrote I was very weak, and even now I am far from being recovered. The attack was one of the severest I have had for a long time, but the Lord most graciously brought me through. Only one night was I a little delirious, and roused the camp by shouting that wolves were eating my goats. Now my difficulty is to devise ways and means to satisfy my appetite. I have one tin of biscuits, and with rice and bean soup, and a chicken every four or five days, I have got along. Dick has been most attentive, doing all he can for me. I have got a big Bihé lad to help him, and the two get on fairly well together. I and my boys are entirely alone, all the Biheans having gone off. The Garenganze are exceedingly slow in coming, still a few always come. We are longing intensely for rain; the sun is scorching, and the ground gets as hot as coals in a fire. To add to my troubles, Dick has been taken ill, and is quite laid aside. I have had two men employed in covering my house with grass, and it is much better now; I hope it will be finished within another month.

You ask if the tribes around are willing to let the Garenganze alone? The tribes around, I am sorry to say, are very much weaker than the Garenganze, and instead of attempting to raid on the Garenganze, they suffer immensely at their hands. Moshide, who on the one hand can take into his care some poor useless stranger, with a body deformed by disease and sin, and provide for him, giving him a wife and house, with a *numba* (small barn) full of corn—on the simple plea that the man is poor—does not

hesitate, on the other hand, to form and send out with the greatest gusto his war parties, which devastate whole districts, bringing in slaves (women and children), ivory, etc., with the heads of the slain. Such ghastliness delights this strangely inconsistent man greatly. I can only account for it by repeating an old remark of mine, that avarice eats up all other passions and feelings in the African, once that passion is roused. Poor Moshide is a man with a noble mind. He has a very grandly-shaped head, and a high appreciation of that which is good and noble. For instance, when I said to him some time ago, in Umbundu, things that would have highly irritated the Barotse chief, he only admitted the excellence of my words. He knew also how noble a people the English were, for it was their delight to watch for slaves and liberate them. How strangely incongruous to hear such words from such a man !

You will be glad to hear that I am beginning to make progress in the Seyek language. I can carry on a conversation with fair success. You must not think I have been a mute all this time. Nearly every man of any position is able to speak Umbundu, and in that language I am fairly fluent, though far from being perfect ; so I have always had plenty of talking to do.

Yesterday, when out taking a short walk by the side of my wooded hill, I could not but feel what a lovely place I have here. Although there are so many people around, yet at my very door I can enjoy such quietness and loveliness, for although the rains have not commenced yet, the trees are all sprouting, and some are in leaf. Moshide, professedly in sympathy with me, took a notion into his head that I had better move nearer to him, so that he could visit me when sick, and for the third or fourth time he has urged me to do so, though it only takes me fifteen minutes to walk to his chief capital. I, however, laid the matter before the Lord, and, as soon as I was able, two days ago (October 1st), I went to visit him, and stated my objections—the heat, the drumming which goes on all night, the gun-firing, etc. I always feel oppressed when down visiting him, but whenever I round the point of my hill, it is like entering another atmosphere. I also find that I am nearest to the best water in the whole neighbourhood, so I feel that the Lord has had to do with my choosing this site, and that it is His will that I remain here. Moshide finally closed the conversation by saying that the matter was entirely at my disposal.

Rain has fallen, and my gardening will begin soon.

October 3rd.—This morning Dick came hobbling with a stick and with a smile on his face to greet me with a "Good morning ;" so he is getting better. Yesterday Honjo sent his tipoia for me, with an invitation to spend the day with him. On the way I spent a short time with Moshide, who sent and called for the Arab trader now here to come and meet me—a very pleasant-looking man, indeed, though not a pure Arab. He greeted me at once as an "English." He had come from the east coast close to Mozambique, had crossed Lake Nyassa, where he saw two steam launches and many English, and had met with one English lady. He wanted to know why I had not my lady with me in this nice country. His road lay past Livingstone's grave (or rather the grave of his heart) at Chitambo's in Ilala, which he says is close by here. Nyassa is two months' journey from this. The road he described as being quiet, with plenty of food. He will take out letters that way for me when he goes. I spent a pleasant day with Honjo. The Portuguese half-castes always manage to get some style up, when they have slaves enough.

October 21st.—I have just returned from a week's trip to the Lufira, which I enjoyed very much, and which quite set me up. Honjo let me have six of his men, so I had a hammock-ride both ways. I shot two zebras, with which I paid the men, so the trip cost me nothing. The heat, however, was excessive ; in returning we were compelled to travel at night, the men could not endure the sun. I can't go out of doors even a minute or two during mid-day hours. On my delightful little hill, however, there is always a breeze, and the shade is always cool. "Oh for rain !" is the cry in every one's mouth. All the trees that but a short time ago looked green and fresh are beginning to wither and droop.

I have already written to you about Dick (or Silombwani). I can now write even better things, and can even rejoice to say that I believe him to be a Christian. There is not that lack of spiritual response now that was noticeable in him before. I hope that my next letter may tell you of his baptism. In the mean time there is not water enough anywhere near ; the Unkeya river is dry.

I was much struck during my recent trip to the Lufira, while traversing the "Mukurru," by the number of villages, especially in the eastern part. Within the space of two hours I counted forty-three within sight from the road, all of fair size, and all the land between was under cultivation. Indeed, land there is valuable ;

they live up even in the small corners. I have never seen the like for native population in Africa.

Last night I had a happy time with my two lads, Dick and Susi; the latter belongs to the Bihé, and is older than Dick. Dick had been speaking to him and interesting him seemingly—a thing I had not been able to do—so that he wanted to hear for himself. After their supper they both came marching into my hut and squatted down, and we had a long talk—till near ten. Indeed, I am having quite a little revival in my family—not excluding myself. The younger ones understand little of what is read, partly because of different languages, but I seem to have won their hearts more; at least they approach me with less *awe*. Dick has also managed to interest a young man belonging to the place, and I hope that he will be brought in. Indeed, I am looking forward with joyful hopes to this summer's work. Oh that my tongue were more free to speak these languages! But "my work is with the Lord, and my judgment with my God." Here is *our* victory.

What a hopeless condition Jacob's was, pitted against his brother Esau with his four hundred men—doubtless bent on wreaking vengeance on Jacob—and he only with a few women and children, cattle and their herdsman. A weaker travelling party could not be described than Jacob's was. His very weakness compelled him to lay hold upon God, who weakened him still more, so that his clinging was intensified, and he said, "I will not let thee go." "Thou hast power with God and *with men*," was God's gracious answer. Jacob was now no longer in Esau's power as a lamb before a wolf, but Esau was in his, so that his heart was turned as the rivers of water. Jacob's life is a favourite study of mine. There is so much in faltering, feeble Jacob (I don't speak of Israel) so like me; so much in God's treatment of him *so like God*. Oh, dearest mother, the magnitude of God's grace and mercy! Who can know it? It would be far from the truth to suppose that the Lord still suffers aught at the hand of God for sin, for He "hath once suffered." Still, our present sins, and the grievous state of Christ's church, can be no joy or comfort to Him; but very much the opposite. Was there not somewhat of pain in that look that He gave *fallen* Peter, and an intenseness of desire in the thrice-spoken question, "Lovest thou Me?" "I will not drink of the fruit of the vine until the kingdom of God shall come," is full of meaning, and speaks of the day in which His church *shall* be presented to Him without spot or

wrinkle. There is a wonderful unfathomable depth of earnestness in the intercessory prayer of John xvii. that makes one say, Who can know the costliness of that grace, and mercy, and love, showered upon us—daily, hourly? When I remember how my sin afflicted Him and brought on Him the pressure of the garden, and the *agony* and *curse* of the cross, how unutterably sweet *His*—and not another's—forgiveness is. The thought of His *continual* intercession is the sweetest joy on earth.

Again as to *Dick*—you must make all allowances and deductions from what *I* say of him ; he is full of the fresh blood of youth. We are always ready to believe that those we are attached to really are all that we would fain wish them to be.

November 6th.—We have had heavy rains lately, to the joy of everyone. It is in such a place and at such a time that one realizes the blessings of rain. Six months of drought under a tropical sun had blackened and scorched the very stones ; the earth, cracked and gaping all over, was at any hour of the day at a higher temperature than my bare foot could bear, and during the heat of the day I could not even hop on it without running risk of raising blisters on my feet like half-crowns. Now all is moist and green, and sweet ; my hill is covered with a magnificent show of flowers, and the grass is already from two to three inches high. How such baked earth could ever again yield grass, and that at the first sprinkling of rain, is marvellous. The rains have put a check on my daily routine ; my patients have to be visited now during whatever part of the day is likely to be dry, instead of in the afternoon, because of rheumatics. I am quite nervous about being caught in the rain. To-day I was completely checkmated when out dressing the foot of a wounded man, page to one of Moshide's head-wives ; I had to go back to my house, so the queen offered me her blanket to put round me. I gladly accepted it, and marched home in my glory, robed in her coloured blanket. I have sent my *tipoi*a (hammock), however, to bring the man to me ; his friends come with him to-morrow to build his hut, and two will remain with him here. His foot is in a fearful condition, and will need much attention. This is my first hospital hut ; the Lord works His own plans in His own way, and this seems to be the sort of auxiliary work that He is leading me into. I have had remarkable success with all sorts of diseases since coming here, fully nine-tenths having been cured within a very short period. I

have got nothing done as yet in the way of school-work. Dick and my other lad are urging me to teach them their letters, and the chief wants his boys taught. Dick and Susi I must teach; but I fear the others must be left until help comes.

Kagoma, at the Lekurruwe River, sent word a few days ago that he intended sending men to carry me in my hammock to pay him another visit, so you see I am busy, and, I can add, happy; indeed, most happy.

Some Bihé traders have come here sent by the Bihé chief. The road is now open, so if the Sanders' should settle in Bihé, letters will not fail me from home every three or four months. Mine to you will be much oftener, for the steps of those going out are surer than those coming in—the one is going up the brae, the other is going down. My health has improved wonderfully since the hot weather has set in. My appetite knows no bounds, and is satisfied with the coarsest of foods. One could not imagine a more disgusting dish—'tis so to many, and was so to me until lately—than Kafir corn porridge mixed with red palm oil—of which soap is made—yet I can *enjoy* this right heartily, and a meal of maize corn porridge is quite delightful. My eyes give me little trouble.

The L.M.S. agents at Mirambo's town in the Unyamwe country, near to Lake Tanganyika, have laboured some years at the Seyek, and I hope to get the benefit of their labours. The other language used here, that of the aborigines, I have not attempted to transcribe; still, I am daily picking it up, and it is, after all, the language most spoken. It is very like the Umbundu, and is easily picked up by the Bihé traders, so I do well to keep at the Umbundu and be well up in it, so as to reap the full benefit of the work of the American missionaries, who are more learned in it than I. Oh for the gift of tongues! I covet this, though it is not among the highest of gifts.

November 15th.—I had just begun to find joy in Dick's companionship, when it seems—for the time, at least—to be snatched from me by his renewed illness and suffering in mind; yet I can say from my heart, *His* perfect way, though hard to the flesh, is not hard to *love*, for with Him alone is companionship, and all else is desolation and darkness. Those words "Who *calleth* you" (I Thess. ii. 12, R. V.), have been ringing sweetly in my ears these last few days; the present, "*calleth*;" not the past, "*called*." Knowing this, we approach Him with confidence. Then follows

“unto *His own* kingdom and glory.” Surely blessed is the people whose God is Jehovah; a *calling* God, a *coming* Christ, now at this moment ours. My chief joy in thinking of you, dearest mother, is in what you are *now* to me, but how can I know what you are to me except by what you *were* to me? But what you *were* to me could give me no comfort unless I had the fixed assurance that you are still the same and ever will be. So by gathering up into our minds all that our God ever was toward feeble man in all ages past, and at Calvary—which was as the very opening of the heart of God—and realizing for one moment *all as now present*; thinking of our Lord not as He who shall come, but as the present *coming* One—what a heaven of joy bursts upon us! Oh, for an insatiable longing after God!

December 18th.—Since last date things have gone on smoothly with me with the exception of anxiety about Dick. I had to quiet him twice with heavy doses of laudanum, fearing he would do harm to himself or others. He is now so far recovered, but goes about in a mournful way; I notice the tears roll down his cheeks at times, but I ask him no questions, only seeking to cheer him up and keep him employed in a light way. The desire to learn, coming after the decided spiritual awakening I referred to above, has, I think, been more than he could stand. I will need to be very careful now, lest I again lead him beyond his mental depth, poor lad. The crouching affection he showed towards me during those days was most touching, pitiable as it was, being more like that of an animal than a man; he would go to sleep a little at night, at the side of my cot-bed, with my hand upon him.

I write this by candle-light, after a toilsome day, but I must have my letters finished by to-morrow or next day. The chief sent for me early this morning, asking me to visit his brother, some distance off, who is ill, and whose wife had gone out of her mind. I trudged off with the *kailama* (king's page) sent to conduct me, returning late in the afternoon, throbbing all over with the excessive heat of the sun. This heat, however, I must confess, suits me; I have grown stronger and fatter even during these last six weeks.

There are a thousand things I would fain ask you about, but we are nowhere exhorted to inquisitiveness, but at all times to *prayer*. All things are working towards perfect solutions; meantime let us glory in the God who solves, and who has promised to make manifest all things, even as they are now manifest to Him. FRED.

TO MR. W. G. SMITH.

Nov. 19th, 1886.—I thank you for your last of August, 1885. I hear that you take a special interest in African work, and seek to make it known. The question often arises in my mind as to the right and scriptural means to be used in interesting the church in home-lands regarding far-off and unknown parts ; but I can find no satisfactory reply. Descriptions of social condition, superstition etc., may be interesting to scientists of the day and to others ; but I cannot see how such details can arouse and draw out the hearts of spiritual men. Still, experience has, I suppose, proved that such things do interest the minds of not a few, and engage their sympathies, as the good Samaritan's sympathies were drawn out at the sight of his wounded and bleeding neighbour. Faithful accounts, however, of the gracious workings of our God among sunken and despised races, will humble the pride of race and caste among the spiritual, as they perceive that God is no respecter of persons ; and they will be ready again to say " We believe that we shall be saved through the grace of God in like manner as they."

It is binding upon all who compose the church, as stewards of God's grace, to see to it that the gospel hath a free course—themselves *all* going out in prayer and heart sympathy, and *some* in person. This testimony is, I think, most scriptural and most effectual.

This town of Moshide's is very large, and has, for Africa, an immense population. It is a day's journey, for me, to traverse it, being about eight or ten miles long. The ground is chiefly covered with fields, in the midst of which the river Unkeya (or Ongeya) runs, but the clusters of huts are many, and scattered all over. Here and there are centres in which the king has his own houses, where for the extent of half-a-mile or so each way the houses of the people are mixed together. Amidst all these people the amount of quietness and peace that reigns is remarkable. The fear of Moshide is considerable, as he is sharp and severe in his government, though I see or hear of nothing in the way of torture or cruelty committed by his orders by way of punishment ; yet death is common and is inflicted at once, and in the most expeditious manner. All the cases of which I have heard particulars have been those of actual crime, and not of witchcraft or any other mere superstition. He has a long iron chain which he uses for punishing minor offenders. To this they are bound by the neck—perhaps ten or twelve at a

time—and are sent out to his fields to work : a very sensible arrangement, I think, and much better than that cruel flogging so common in Africa. October is the hoeing time, and it is a pleasure to see everyone turning out to the fields. The men, indeed, so far as I can see, do a large share of the work ; and the husbands tell me that after all their hard day's work, it is dangerous to return home in the evening without a heavy log of wood to keep up the night fire. The king himself goes out to the fields, carried in his "litter," with drums beating, etc., and he superintends the long line of hoers. From this you will suppose that there is an abundance of food for all, all the year round ; but it is not so—the prodigal waste of corn in the dry season in brewing beer passes description. They make beer of the strongest kind, filling large bark vessels, holding as much as twenty or thirty gallons. It is free to *all comers*, and the drinking is kept up night and day in the yard until the baths are emptied, and thus in two or three days the fruit of weeks of toil in hoeing, and months of weeding and watching, has vanished like smoke. Heavy sleep, rather than much levity and quarrelling, seems to be the effect of over-drinking of this heavy beer. I have only seen one man who had any appearance of being a sotted drunkard, in spite of the amount of drink consumed. I suppose this is because it is always consumed fresh. The constant raiding on other tribes which is kept up, in which the men are killed, if possible, and the women captured, has brought into the Garenganze an immense number of women, so that the proportion of women to men is very unequal ; consequently, polygamy is carried to a shameful extent. Marriages are made, not by purchase exactly, as in Zululand ; neither do the wife and her children continue to be the property of her brothers, as among the Ovimbundu tribes ; but a *present* is made to the father of the bride, who forthwith disposes of his daughter : she, however, may leave her husband at any time if she cares to. The case may then be brought to the chief, and if the wife be at fault the present must be returned ; if the husband has ill-treated his wife, then he has driven her from him, so there is no one to blame but himself. In disputes among themselves, the people undoubtedly receive fair justice at the hands of Moshide, and he is ready to listen to all who come.

On the whole, the country is rocky and arid, though along by the rivers the ground is very fertile and productive. Maize corn is

ripe the third month after sowing, and during the rains the grass and other rank vegetation grow so rapidly that footpaths are obliterated, and a guide is needed where at another time there is a broad, well-beaten path. At that season travelling is thus much impeded. During my journey here it took my small caravan nearly three hours' hard work—the men going in front in turn—to cut our way through a small piece of ground which had once been cultivated, but was now overgrown. The immediate banks of the river are clothed with great beauty, and tall, graceful palm ferns, orchids, and every variety of tropical plants abound. Game, of course, is very plentiful; the herds of animals on the plains, from the elephant to the gazelle, form marvellous sights, witnessing to the abounding liberality of our God.

The weather has been exceedingly hot for some time, but far from depressing. The air here keeps always clear, and there are none of those heavy, dark mists, so suggestive of all manner of sickness, which are common in the Barotse valley. My health in the meantime is excellent, and I am satisfied that any new-comer would find this country to be very healthy.

FRED. S. ARNOT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

January 2nd, 1887.—Last month, after finishing the planting of my garden, I found myself in rather a bad way for food, especially flesh meat; porridge without milk or sugar, night and morning, day after day, is apt to pall on one's stomach, in spite of every brave resolution. So I started with my gun and a few men for the Lekurruwe river, and by the way I shot a wild boar, with tusks a foot long; the meat of this animal I sent back to keep the "family" going. At the Lekurruwe I managed to kill, after a good deal of hunting, eight antelopes, three zebras, and two immense hippopotami. I returned to my home with quite a caravan laden with dried meat, after sixteen days' absence in all. With this I have not only food for myself, but ready cash enough to keep me going, I expect, until Ocinyama returns. I found, however, that in my absence the Arab trader with whom I had intended sending letters *viâ* Lake Nyassa had gone; that Dick had been ill again; that my hut had been broken into, and that I had been robbed of a large double blanket, sack of corn, towel, shirt, pillow, etc. The

blanket is my chief loss, as I now have left to me only a threadbare, worn-out affair, which has done service from the east side of the continent.

Well, this is a New Year come round again ; the past one has been a blank to me, so far as home and the outer world are concerned, your last letters being dated November, 1885. What all the four seasons brought round with them to you all I cannot possibly surmise, but it doubtless was well with you ; "He led them by a right way." While at the Lekurruwe I was a good deal occupied, in studying the life of David, and his early wanderings. On New Year's day these words of Amasai came very forcibly to me, and my prayer is that they may indeed be my motto for this year ; "Thine are we, David, and on *thy side*, thou son of Jesse." (2 Chron. xii. 18.) *Thine*—to be with Thee ; *Thine*—to be where Thou, Lord, dost lead me ; in hold or in war. How sincerely David prepared his heart always to wait the Lord's time ! This was most honouring to God, most convincing to his friends of his divine appointment to the throne of Israel, and most disastrous to his enemies. What a contrast to Saul, who "forced himself" to sacrifice at Gilgal, and who enquired of a familiar spirit, because Samuel and God seemed to him in those two cases to be behindhand ! In regard to humility, also, the contrast is beautiful. Saul was willing to confess that he had sinned, and to humble himself before the Lord and Samuel, but he said at the same time, "Honour me now, I pray thee, before the elders of my people, and before Israel." But David in his sorrow and humility "lay all night upon the earth," and could stay the hands of his followers by saying that the Lord had said to Shimei, "Curse David." And surely this must ever be the test of the reality of our confession and humility before God, even our willingness to acknowledge our sin and humble ourselves before men. Just so, our love to our brethren is the touchstone of our love to God. For divine love and humility are not mere sentiments, but rather possessions, so that the world does not judge wrongly of one who loves his enemy, or willingly humbles himself. David's life had clouds, but his eyes saw onward to the coming day, the clear morning, the morning without a cloud.

Since returning from the Lekurruwe I have twice been down amongst the villages, but found nearly all the people off at the fields. Moshide is at present engrossed with certain grave political matters.

A real friendship has sprung up between the chief's eldest son,

Kalasa, and myself ; he is a very docile fellow, and a thorough native gentleman. He understands Umbundu fairly well, listens very intelligently to all I say to him, and has begun, entirely of his own accord, to learn to read and write.

While at the Lekurruwe, a rather suspicious thing occurred. I had been resting during the heat of the day, my bed was on the ground, and when I was about to get up I reached out for my hat, intending to go outside. Through the grass side of my hut came a spear, cutting through the rim of my hat, which was in my hand, and sticking into the ground, not three inches from my side.

At another time a man and I were out alone in the woods when the call of a honey-bird attracted us. On going but a short way it halted on a tall tree ; we were looking into the tree trying to discern the honey, when, from the grass which lay between us, up sprang a leopard and bounded off ; the wicked bird had led us to his lair.

I found that part of the country to be very thinly populated. Those I met with were nearly all of the Basangwa tribe, the original occupants of the country, of whom there are now but a few ; I scarce understand a word of their language as yet. I went north-west, nearly to the Kalasa mountains, and had a distant view of the famous cavern mountain, which is inhabited ; this great cave is said to have two entrances, a distance of ten miles or so being between them. I may say I gained nothing amongst the occupants of the country, as I could not speak with them, but I enticed them to come freely to my camp, giving them meat, etc. Moshide took the opportunity of showing his friendship (?) for me by sending some of his young men to compel the people to give corn to "his white man," and of course these young scamps robbed the people—as they always do under such circumstances—right and left. I showed my appreciation of such attention by bundling up and starting off home the next day. Among the dozen men I had with me I found the time profitable, as all were free at night to listen to all that was said, and they readily joined in conversation. The Seyek language, I find, will not be of much use beyond the capital. I see much work yet before me, acquiring languages ; on almost all hands there are different dialects spoken. It will take me a good six or seven years' constant study to come to any perfection, and to be of any general use here. You have no idea how difficult it is in the first place getting at the things one wishes to learn. The people have but the faintest idea of dividing their languages into words ;

after the words and idioms have been discovered and transcribed, the process of learning is comparatively easy. One thing greatly helps me—I have the native African accent and forms of constructing sentences to considerable perfection ; Europeans as a rule find the acquiring of these two things to be the most difficult. I also *know the natives*, and it does not require many words to convince them of this.

January 15th.—After the previous mournful report as to Dick, I must needs refer to him again. He is decidedly better, an unwonted nervousness being the only sign left of his former derangement. His happiness as a Christian is fully restored, and he has set himself most bravely to learn to read. In knowledge of the Scriptures, from what I have been teaching him, he is also progressing well.

February 5th.—A company of Arab traders arrived here a few days ago ; yesterday was the reception day, and the king sent for me to come and sit by him ; a lot of people had come together. Each of the three Arab master-traders had a handsome shawl with him, with which they decked out Moshide. Moshide took one of the shawls and clapped it on me. A military review was then held, after which speeches were given by the Arabs and by Moshide and his chiefs. Moshide gave me an opportunity of speaking, which I would most gladly have taken had I been at all equal to it. I was glad, however, to find I was able to understand nearly all spoken in Seyek ; but I fear my address would be no more popular here than at Iwanika's court. The sum and substance of their speeches on such an occasion is flattery ; past events are rehearsed and discoursed upon, and all things greatly exaggerated and contorted to suit the occasion. Yesterday morning a woman was caught here by a leopard while in her field ; she was a "small wife" of the chief's, and through her cries assistance came, and the leopard was chased away, but the woman died shortly after. The chief at once sent to me for some poison to kill the leopard, should it return, and I gave him some strychnine. Instead, however, of killing a goat or dog, to be used as bait, they preferred the dead woman's body. "She is now dead," said the chief ; "what can we do ? Let her redeem her fellows !" *i.e.*, from the leopard's paw. A great deal of man-eating by wild animals goes on here. The number of people massed together—more given to cultivating than to hunting—and the custom of throwing out the bodies of dead slaves, has given

these animals a taste for human flesh. In my small compound, yet unfenced, it is not safe for anyone to be out of doors after dusk; little Johnny was very nearly caught by a hyena one evening. A little boy, left here sick by one of my Bihé carriers with some acquaintance at some huts close by, was in the habit of coming over and eating with my boys of an evening, and sometimes sleeping with them. I missed him for a few days, and on enquiring found that he had started for my place one evening and had not returned; he doubtless was carried off by one of these beasts of prey. Old lions, which no longer have teeth strong enough to pull down large game, come round and prey upon the people, and they are very audacious. A woman close by here left her child sitting in front of her hut for a few minutes; on returning she found that the child had been carried off by one of these retired monarchs; his footprints, of course, told the tale. Out in the bush, where game is abundant, it is quite different, and people sleep freely out in the open; there, they have simple mat doors to their huts; here, they require doors of reeds strongly barred.

I got a pleasant message from the village "Kalolo," which I visited last year, and where many were so afraid of me as to sleep in the fields all night. They wanted to know when I would be returning; the message ran, "Ah! that was the good white man that visited us; we had feastings of meat with him." It is a rough hilly country that lies between, but I must be off to them again—"if by any means I may win *some*." From Kagoma's, on the Lekurruwe, I get constant messages, and occasionally presents of food; his invitations have been very urgent. When the dry season sets in I may shut up house here and go there for a month or so. These village people are warmer, more "get-at-able," less given to politics, and less disturbed by the many diversions that take up the attention of the people of this African city, such as cases in court, executions, the daily arrival of visitors and bringers of tribute, etc.

This evening I was asking my "teacher," why the people here did not go out in bands and hunt down the leopards and other animals that were so injurious. He answered, "You do not know the people here; there is such a mixture of races and so much hatred in consequence, that they turn themselves into lions and tigers to devour one another."

February 13th, Lord's day.—This morning Dick was baptized; only two others besides myself were present, though Dick had

asked others to come. Before going down to the water we had a solemn time in my house with Dick, Susi—the Bihé lad who is with me—and another man who is deeply interested, though I cannot as yet say under any especial conviction. Susi sticks to the confession of Christ that he made some time ago, and will not be moved from it. May the Lord, with whom alone is the “Urim and Thummim” (Neh. xvii. 64, 65), make known to us of a truth whether Susi is His child or not, is my heart’s prayer; Dick is confident that Susi’s confession is real.

Well, we had a solemn time by the pool out on the flat that we went to, to get down to the water of which we had to break our way through long rank grass; I noticed close by the fresh foot-prints of a leopard that had drunk water there in the morning. After a short prayer in Umbundu, Dick was baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. It was a solemnly glad time, and all seemed to feel it. We then returned to my house and spent a long time in earnest conversation. When parting, six years ago, with dear Mr. Dyer, he remarked in his usual solemn way, that “it would be a day never to be forgotten by me when the first one was baptized under the dark Zambesi waters.” To-day . . . dark Zambesi sinner has been baptized in the Garen-ganze waters, and it is but the beginning of God’s shewing kindness to us and to these people; there are more to follow. Surely our God’s mercy is not as a stream that comes and goes in volume, but as an ocean immeasurable, unfathomable. The joy and astonishment that fill us at every realization of His goodness must ever exceed that which accompanied our faith and expectation, because He always exceeds our asking or thinking: His love is ever richer than our knowledge. When all possible knowledge or expectation is exceeded, surely only astonishment remains!

Well, I must be drawing this letter to a close, as Honjo is packing up for a start. My health is excellent and has been so without any intermission for a long time now; I am getting quite fat. My eyes are much stronger, and though I cannot dispense with the spectacles, yet I can use my eyes all day and suffer nothing. My daily fare, month in and month out, is a dish of boiled rice, or corn, or grits, about 7 o’clock in the morning. Dinner or supper comes on about 4 in the afternoon, consisting generally of two dishes, one of thick porridge and the other of boiled beans, cooked greens and meat—when I have it—or anything that will

give a relish to the porridge. I have still a little tea left, which drawn out thin will last me a good while yet. The seeds I planted have nearly all failed ; the few that have lived I am guarding carefully for seeding. I still have a few goats, though some have been taken off by wild animals ; they have not given any milk now for a long time.

FRED.

TO MR. H. GROVES.

January, 1887.—You with others at home have so truly shared with me the few trials and—to our eyes—unfruitful days of my past journeyings, etc., in this country, that I cannot but rejoice to share with you my joy in the evident conversion of our boy Dick. He professed to have believed the Word sometime ago, and although there was then a change noticeable—for I have not since found him lying boldly to my face, or stealing behind my back, which he was much given to before—yet that was lacking which must ever be sought for, ere true fellowship can be—the *positive* fruits of living union with Christ.

In September, 1886, I had some weeks of sickness, during which time Dick's attention and care, night and day, drew me out much to him, so that it came to me almost like a revelation that this sickness was especially for Dick's sake, and that of the other three who were with me ; so that during the time I gave myself much to prayer for them all, especially for Dick, though I spoke little to him.

I was scarce recovered when Dick had a turn of fever lasting for fifteen days or so. One evening, shortly after his recovery, we were talking together, when Dick seemed to receive a peculiar measure of joy, his whole face lighting up marvellously—naturally he has a dull, heavy and meaningless expression of face—and truly he seemed to be at the very foot of the cross, for that was our theme, and my mouth was as full of confession and of praise as his was. I had been brought from my presumed place of instructor and enlightener, and we confessed together as fellow-sinners, and rejoiced as brethren, at the cross. I learned that night that my dictatory ways had been that which had *hindered* my boy, and had produced only a lifeless confession.

If we would drive sinners to Christ, our failure is complete, and our folly very evident. If we would lead them, we must surely go

before them, and the sinner's Christ is only to be found at the cross, where *all* flesh is humbled to the depth of death. How *wise* Paul was to win souls when, in announcing himself to be the "chief of sinners," he declared the mercy of God to all. In how small a measure this precious wisdom hath place in me, truly the Lord knoweth. That very night the thought occurred to me, that now Dick would despise me, and serve me with less respect, seeing I had humbled myself with him or in his sight. But very much the contrary has been the case, for never has he served me more joyfully and thoroughly than since then. I am reminded of the words of Michal, Saul's daughter, to David, and of David's reply, "I will yet be more vile than this, and will be base in my own eyes ; and of the maid-servants which thou hast spoken of, *of them shall I be had in honour.*"

Shortly after, Dick was again taken ill. In a very short time, however, he seemed to recover strength and health of body, but his mind was completely gone. This madness lasted for some time, until I was completely worn out watching and quieting him, night and day, as no one else had the slightest control over him. To my great joy, however, he gradually recovered, although until now he shows a good deal of mental weakness. He is very anxious to learn to read, which he stoutly objected to before ; and he progresses fairly, though after an hour's study at a time he begins to tremble all over with pure nervousness. You may not be aware that Dick comes from the Zambesi, and has been with me for three years. As you will well understand, many fresh cares and anxieties rise in my mind for him, which I only can cast upon the Lord, who alone is "able" to make stand (Rom. xiv. 4), to restore (Rom. xi. 23), and to uphold those who fall (Ps. clxv. 14).

Another lad, who is with me, somewhat older than Dick, who helps about the house and garden, and who is imbued with a remarkable faculty of being quick to learn and remember, has lately joined with Dick in confessing the name of Jesus, and has thrown off some of his old follies, more, I fear, to please me than the Lord. I would not yet say that he is converted, a child of God, but *God knoweth*. Nevertheless his confessing the name of Jesus is sweet, at least to the ears of those who love Him. That word "he who is not against us is on our part" gives comfort in such a case, while we continue to cast the matter upon the Lord, that He may make manifest. As we are looking for a time of

blessing and gathering out from among the tribes in these parts, it seems to me to be not contrary to, but in accordance with the Lord's ways, that blessing should first begin at home and among those of my own household. I might speak of three outsiders at least, of whom I have hopes, but I will forbear. At Dick's own request his baptism has been delayed until the return of one of those who has been sent on an errand, that he may be present at it.

The ruling classes here are much disturbed with matters of war, civil risings, etc., etc. Consequently I have avoided their company and courts lately. I have not been with the chief for a long time.

As for myself, I may say my health has been very good ever since the knock-down I had with bilious fever in September. I have been here a year now, and the healthiness of this country I have proved beyond a doubt. I do not remember having a single touch of fever and ague here, and scarce a headache ; though I suffered a little during the dry season, from the exceeding dryness of the atmosphere, and the cold winds from the hills to the south, simply because I had been somewhat inured to greater warmth and humidity.

Feb. 13th.—Lord's-day.—After a very solemn time in my house this morning—only one outsider being present, though more were invited—we went to a pool of water some distance off, where I baptized Dick. He seemed to understand intelligently its meaning, and I with him had a blessed time of thanksgiving and communion. The other lad, Susi, already referred to, was present ; he seemed to be disappointed that he was not baptized with Dick, but I could not see that I could do otherwise than wait in his case. He sticks faithfully, however, to his profession of Christ, and shows much intelligence ; indeed his very quickness at understanding seems to me a reason why especial care should be used with him. When we were about to leave the pool he remarked, "And I will be next to go down into the water."

Until very recently the chief thought that presented itself to me in connection with baptism was that of death and burial ; but now it seems to me that the thought of resurrection and new life is by no means to be omitted, if not rather to take the leading place. In 1 Peter iii. 21 it is directly connected with the resurrection of Jesus Christ, and baptism, being called the interrogation of a good

conscience toward God, implies *life*. As the new-born babe cries, so new-born souls call upon Him who is the source of that life.

A report has come here that some traders are on their way from Bihé. If this be true, I may have some letters to reply to shortly. As to my relationship with the people, I find that both the chief and his people make every effort to please me, and seem desirous to give me every encouragement to remain among them, giving their consent to everything I may say, and shutting me up with flattery. Augustine, referring to Proverbs xxviii. 21, remarked that "our daily furnace was the tongue of men." Paul and Barnabas found grace to resist the flattery of those who cried out that the gods had come down among them, and grace to resist their slander—*and stones shortly afterwards*—was not withheld from them. Still we have much reason to rejoice and give thanks for a quiet and peaceable life in what is generally considered to be the heart of savagedom, and the haunt of every cruelty.

It is often difficult to know how far we ought to go towards *pleasing men*, especially where ignorance to a certain extent is not wilful. Paul declares his willingness to become all things to all men that he might win some, and these words of his are constantly with me; when the people come to visit me, I seek to entertain them with as much frankness and patience as possible, also in my traffickings with them, preferring rather to be robbed than run the risk of taking advantage of them. All this I see clearly, also the folly of arguing with them about the varieties of their manifest superstitions, and the wisdom of weaving, as it were, our lives as well as our words in order to catch men; to enclose them by deeds and words, so that escape may not be possible by ordinary excuse, and can only be made by doing despite to the Spirit of grace.

Paul, however, again remarks, "If I were still pleasing men I should not be a bond-servant of Christ." (Gal. i. 10.) Would you say that upon a principle contained in the passage first quoted, Paul circumcised Timothy; and on that contained in Gal. i. 10, he refused to circumcise Titus? In the first case, he did so to please those who were wholly Jews; in the second, to resist those he calls "false brethren." We may stir up much opposition with the drawn sword of a fleshly zeal. Cutting off ears only injures the cause of Christ, as He showed Peter by healing the wounded ear; for it is of the first importance that men *hear*.

Though outwardly things are thus quiet and agreeable, yet there lacks not opposition from certain quarters. The Arab traders who come here have done what they could in spreading evil reports and lying stories about the designing English, etc.

The rains were exceedingly late this year, and when a regular drought was threatening, some of the "doctors" of the land would fain have laid the blame at my door (this I heard only lately) ; but the story did not take. Again, I have a cut through the brim of my hat from a thrown spear ; had it been an inch or so nearer, it would have given me a serious, if not a fatal wound. This is enough to show that the enemy, though he lurks snake-like in the grass, is present, and will doubtless watch his opportunity for raising more opposition.

The question often comes up in my mind as to how far we ought to go in such a country as this in pushing school work, *i.e.*, teaching to read and write, etc. It seems to be a sure way of securing an increase of "church members" in the future, of the sort that are brought up to it by the cold process of education, and whose spiritual calibre is generally of small account. In other countries where education is more general, and valued by the people from a purely secular point of view, reasons doubtless present themselves to the missionaries why they should lay themselves out especially for that work ; chiefly, I should think, because of the daily opportunity given of presenting Christ to the scholars. As to the wisdom of urging the knowledge of reading upon those who have professed Christ's name, or who are evidently inquiring after Him, I have no doubt. Perhaps you could help me with advice in this matter ?

FRED. S. ARNOT.

TO HIS BROTHER —.

January 22nd, 1887.—I cannot allow this budget of letters to go without one to you. You wrote from London, in August (I think), 1885. It is pleasant to know you are not alone in London or in business. C. and I are the only two isolated atoms, especially myself. But after all it can only be "You in your small corner ; I in mine." Let us ever strive to fill our corner in a manner pleasing and acceptable to our God. Solomon says that "the eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth," that is, he is far from being content with the things which he hath, and with the place in which he

is. But he who is *wholly* contented with his lot, is better able to fortify himself and make sure his ground. In 1 Peter ii. 11, we read that “fleshly lusts” are not merely opposed to, but “*war* against the soul;” therefore “*arm yourselves*,” like Christ, with the mind to suffer, follows in chapter iv. In the desert Christ sought no relief from the tempter by moving from His position, but by facing His foe. So with the poor believer. Often hungry, perhaps, he will find no relief from the temptations that beset him if he seeks to be removed from his state of poverty; but he will, by arming himself with the invincible weapons of the Word. So with you in London, and with me here. We may think that we have *peculiar* trials, which we naturally associate with the *place*, and the sources from which they seem to come. Herein, then, lies our strength or our weakness. If as obedient soldiers we accept of battle here, always *here*, we shall prove that our weapons, which are not carnal but spiritual, are, indeed, mighty through God. But if our hearts are *there*—“when I am older or stronger;” “when I am a little better off or have more leisure”—we usurp the generalship and fail miserably.

Be strong, my brother; cleave to the Word. The tackling of the ship, the wheat, even the small boat (the sailor’s last resource), may *all* go by the board; but cleave you to the sure Word of God’s promise—that abideth most sure and unshakeable. FRED.

TO MR. W. G. SMITH.

January 27th, 1887.—I thank you heartily for all the general information you give me as to different mission fields in which we are all interested. Most of my correspondents seem to take it for granted that I am as well up in information about the outside world as they are, and so make little reference to the work in general. This country, so far as travelling traders is concerned, has been straitly shut up ever since my coming here. My small caravan was the last to leave Bihé for this place; immediately after my leaving, news arrived there of a company of Garenganze rovers robbing a caravan in charge of a son of the king of Bihé, consequently “the road” to this place was at once blocked. The half-caste Honjo, who brought in your letters last year, got out of Bihé by deceiving the chief of that place, saying that he intended going to the Luba country to trade. If things were going on as

usual, fresh caravans of native ivory traders would be arriving and leaving nearly every day. I hope that in a few months' time this trafficking will be restored again, when letters will pass out and in more freely. Such times of quietness, however, are much to be prized, and permit of day-by-day application to the work in hand without interruption.

With me, at present, it is the languages that occupy the chief part of the time. My only interruptions are having to go off occasionally to the bush to procure a supply of meat, which I dry and use, not so much as food, but to flavour my maize, or millet corn porridge, which is my staple article of food. Formerly my shooting greatly distressed me, as I wounded so many animals without killing them. Now, however, I believe in answer to prayer, I seldom fail to secure the animal I aim at; this takes up four or five days every three months. I might ere this have taught Dick, my lad, to shoot, and have given him this occupation, but I fear his being carried away with the excitement of hunting, and becoming a hunter, an occupation most unsettling and unprofitable. The field of corn and beans my boys have cultivated has borne remarkably well, but I fear comparatively little of the crop will be secured, thieves and wild pigs having the larger share. There is no way of checking the thieves but by catching and cruelly beating them; this, of course, I will not hear of being done, but, on the contrary, I have been moved to give the poor hungry creatures caught stealing, a meal of food at my house. So insensible, however, are they to mere rebuke, or even to kind treatment, that they will go off quietly, and begin again when they think they are not observed, filling their baskets with half-ripe corn. Those whose names "are written in the earth" (Jer. xvii. 13), may hope to subsist on the fruit of the earth; but I fear those who would live godly in such a country as this will have to look higher, even to Him, who will yet destroy the belly itself by an everlasting fulness.

Getting into my house has been a very great help to me, and a great comfort, as we have had a time of very heavy and protracted rains, which have proved the site I have chosen to be an excellent one in regard to drainage, the ground sloping in three directions. A very porous subsoil of a sort of half-formed sandstone in thin strata, and all standing on edge, gives me a dry and comfortable house and yard after the heaviest rains, when all the villages around are actually sinking in mud.

FRED. S. ARNOT.